

# NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

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A true-hearted German Girl at the Grave of her Detested Christian Netting, who died at Milwaukee.

## A TRUE-HEARTED GERMAN GIRL. TRUTH MORE ROMANTIC THAN FICTION.

THE REAL STORY OF A CRUISED HEART—A YOUNG GIRL  
CHASING THE GHOST OF HER DETESTED FATHER.

About three years ago there came to Milwaukee from the old country, a young immigrant named Christian Netting. He landed in Milwaukee with little money in his pocket, but with a heart full of energy and determination. In a good measure, he very soon found employment, and, by way of saving expenses, he soon found he was in a way to open a bank account of his own. One of his first earnings he purchased a small lot, and early last evening had completed there a small house, his employer, perceiving his steady and industrious habits, assisting him materially.

Before leaving the old country, Christian had "plighted his truth" with a fair-haired girl, and they had parted, when he set out, with the assurance on his part that as soon as circumstances would permit, he would return to seek for her, that their destinies might be united in this new world.

During the last season, Christian finding himself in a position to fulfill his word, sent a draft to the girl, and a letter, promising to meet her in New York, and that their wedding was to be celebrated, and she he escorted to her new home.

From the letter which the young girl wrote in reply, it was evident that she was overjoyed at the good news. She soon made the necessary preparations, and with a light heart set sail. She arrived in due season in New York, but contrary to expectation, found no Christian in waiting for her. The funds transmitted to her had been little more than enough to enable her to reach New York, and she found herself in this great city nearly penniless, speaking no English, and of a timid disposition.

How she ever passed through the gauntlet of runners, hack drivers and thieves, who, like a giant spectre, haunt the foreigner here, is a mystery which the girl cannot explain, but after a long and weary, but fruitless search for Christian, she found a temporary home where her labor could pay her board. She wrote to Milwaukee, and though she waited patiently, she heard nothing—not a syllable of or from him she loved so much.

In a fit of desperation she determined to go West, and going out one morning she pawned her wardrobe, even down to the simple bodice she wore, to raise the necessary money to get to Milwaukee. On Saturday she landed at the Union depot in a much poorer condition and less hopeful than when she landed in New York, and with a mind filled with doubts and misgivings.

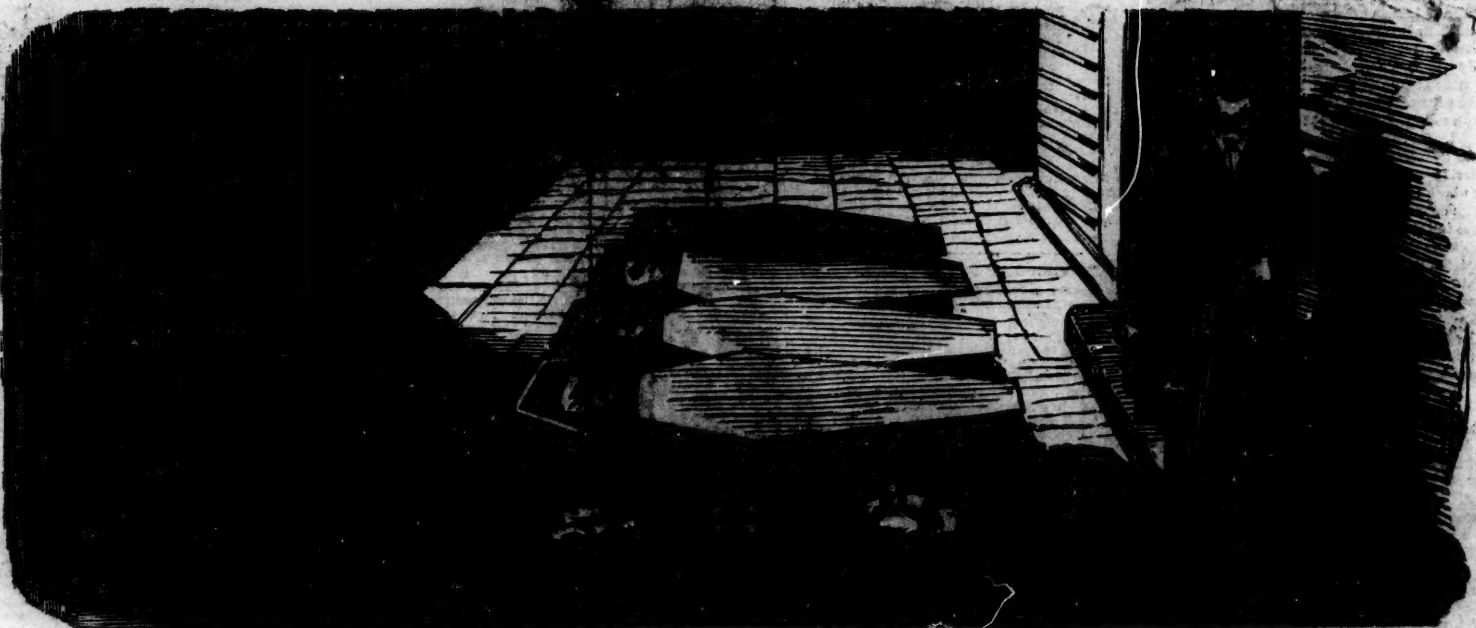
At the depot an officer saw her standing on the platform and knowing not which way to move. Securing an inter-

preter he soon learned her story, and learned that Christian boarded at the house of a German. The girl looked so sweetly sorrowful that the officer took a carriage, and

took her to the house, which she entered with strange feelings. The lady of the house was a blonde woman, evidently we-

man, who had a fearful task to perform, and she told the girl as tenderly as she could that Christian had looked forward to the day when he should set out for New York to

meet his bride, with all the anxiety of a child. He had made every preparation to go. The very night he was to go he was taken sick, and he never left his bed until he



The Second Avenue Victims of the incendiary, at the Morgue.













Robbing of Christian Dillman at Brooklyn, L. I.

A LIVELY RET-TO.

STROBULARITY IN CHINGOLINE—AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

A New Albany, Ind., paper of a recent date says that a young gentleman was paying his addresses to a young lady at Bloomington, and was received by her favorably. The young man's mother did not like this proceeding. She wanted her son to court and wed another girl, and determined he should do so. She accordingly "fixed" herself and went to the residence of the young lady, and called her out upon the railroad track, which runs directly in front of the house.

Out of hearing of the girl's family, the enraged mother informed the young lady that if she ever again permitted her son to go to see her, she (the young man's mother) would give her "an awful whaling." The girl was grit to the backbone, and informed the mother that the young man could come to see her just as often as he pleased, and she would marry him if he wanted her to do so.

This was too much for the mother, and she commenced an assault upon the girl, giving her a stunning blow in the face as an eye-opener. The girl came to time in splendid style, and planted several well-directed blows in the mother's face. Finally they clinched, and down they went upon the track, the girl on top, and thus situated the fight was conducted in the fiercest manner.

At this stage of the proceedings the train of Conductor Tommy Hanlon, bound for this city, came in sight. The engineer whistled "down brakes," for he could see the parties on the track. The train was stopped, and the officers of it and the passengers in it got off and repaired to the scene of action, cheering on the combatants.

Finally the mother shouted out, "Take her off, she's going my eyes out," and they were parted. The mother was too much crestfallen, and declared she'd go home "and lick Jake," her amorous son, "within an inch of his life." She will not be likely, however, to teach "harmless" "Jake's" girl.

A Tragedy at Palatine.

A YOUNG GIRL, SEDUCED, AND AN ABORTION ATTEMPTED.

Death of the Mother and Her Child.

THE AFFAIR UNDERGOES INVESTIGATION.

The little town of Palatine, Cook county, Ill., situated about 25 miles from Chicago, on the Northwestern railroad, has been the scene of intense excitement. The exciting cause was the death of a young German girl, followed by the discovery that she had been previously seduced and persuaded to submit to abortion, both acts the work of a well-to-do farmer of the town.

Word was left at the corner's office in this city that a woman named Mary Kaufman had died suddenly at Palatine, under circumstances that seemed to demand an inquiry into the circumstances. Subsequent research developed the following facts: Mary Kaufman, the deceased, is a German girl 18 years old, and but three years in this country. Her parents were poor, and about one year ago she went to live as a domestic in the house of Asabel Fockit, of Palatine, where she has since remained. Fockit, who is a married man, with two children, appears to have seduced the girl shortly after her arrival at his house. About a month since he went to her parents and informed them that their daughter was expecting, not mentioning, however, that he was himself the cause thereof. It is also said that he suggested that the child be put out of the way. Mary then left Fockit's house and returned to her parents. To them she at last admitted that Fockit was her seducer. She was then sent back to him, the parents insisting that he should support her and the child. To this, at last, consent was given, and the parents went home.

Next day, however, they appear to have reconsidered the matter, and went with Mary to the adjacent town of Schaumburg, where another bastardy was entered against Fockit, who, after some demur, admitted the charge. He was sentenced to pay the girl the sum of \$300 to support herself and child, which he refused to do, at least not until the child should be born.

He took the girl home with him, and there, he and his wife began to give her medicines, under an assumption that she "had a cold in the bowels." This was probably a pretense, but she took whatever drugs were given her. A physician of the town says he furnished medicines for such an illness as was alleged, but that he did not visit the patient.

On Wednesday of last week the girl was taken very ill, and her parents were sent for. A cup of coffee was given her, which acted in a very strange manner. She fell into convulsions, became perfectly wild and uncontrollable, foaming at the mouth like a victim of hydrophobia. A new physician was sent for, but he refused to prescribe until Dr. Brown, who had furnished the previous medicines should arrive. This happened the next morning, and, upon a consultation, it was decided that the child was dead in the womb, necessitating an operation. This was done, and a full-grown infant, still-born, was delivered. This was on Thursday night, and next morning at 4 o'clock the mother died in the most intense agony.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman now charge that Fockit procured an abortion upon the girl, hoping in this way to get rid of paying the \$300 which he had been sentenced to give her. It is also alleged that he has since made overtures to the parents to settle the matter, upon the understanding that no investigation should be had. This was, however, refused. It is also said that Dr. Brown has told different stories with regard to the medicines he gave to the girl.

An inquest was begun upon the body on Sunday by H. S. Williamson, a justice of the peace of the town. A clinic of medical gentlemen was called, consisting of Dr. William Purbank, of Barrington, Dr. Aaron Clark, of Elgin; Dr. Crabtree, of Dundee, and the county physician, who had been summoned from Chicago, who had a post mortem examination. The result of their examination is such as to throw considerable doubt upon the alleged attempt to procure an abortion by Fockit and his wife though of course the consideration of the case is not yet finished. They reported that they could find no marks of injury to the womb, or indications that abortion had been attempted. The stomach and intestines were taken from the body, and the latter was buried. The former was sent to Chicago to Dr. Frank Mable, who will put it through a course of the most acute and thorough chemical analysis, for the result of which it will be necessary to wait about two weeks. This will alone settle the question, for it will be remembered that the alleged abortion was sought to be produced, not by the operation of instruments, in the more common way, but by the employment of drugs or poisons, given the girl under the pretense that she had "a cold in the bowels."

The parents, as well as a good portion of the people of Palatine, are confident that the result of the chemical analysis will show the truth of their suspicions, and of the charge made against Fockit. He, and his wife, and friends generally, deny most strenuously that any abortion was attempted, and claim that the girl was really unwell, as urged at the time. They profess the utmost confidence that the result will exonerate him, as well as his wife, who with him administered the medicines said to have produced the double death.



Wash Isett attacking Mrs. Wilt, a Married Lady, near Hollidaysburgh, Pa.

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In the meantime the greatest excitement prevails in Palatine, and the feeling against the accused is very strong, taking somewhat the form of an affair of nationalities, the girl being herself a German. The result of the analysis is waited for with great anxiety, and the jury adjourned till it is ascertained.

of July last, in the township of Lafayette, Nicollet county, three horses, on a many different nights, were led from the enclosures of their owners and killed—all stabbed to death in the same fiendish manner, and apparently with the same instrument—a knife—the wound penetrating the neck above the breast. Two persons named Roesch, father and son, the latter a half-witted boy, were arrested on suspicion of having committed the offense, underwent an examination and were held for trial. At the preliminary examination one Joseph Saurer, a lad of sixteen years, and a son of Roesch's nearest neighbor, gave some slight testimony against the Roesches. On the 5th of September the young Saurer, at one o'clock, a. m. left his father's house with a double-barrelled shot-gun and game bag, with the purpose of hunting duck in the sloughs and lakes which abound in the vicinity. He never again was seen alive by his family. Alarmed at his failure to return home that night, the parents and neighbors of the unfortunate lad instituted a search, which resulted, about noon on the 7th of September, in finding his dead body in a slough, lying on its face and half submerged in water. Evidence of foul play was unmistakable. The skull had been crushed by several heavy blows, inflicted with a blunt instrument; the clothes were torn, and the associated breast and abdomen clearly indicated that after death, and probably before growing rigid, the body had been dragged, feet foremost for some distance.

The slough in which the body was found was distant about one mile from a hay-field, in which the Roesches, father and son, had worked until noon of the 5th of September, the boy, indeed, as appears by his testimony, working there until 8 p. m. that day. The discovery of the body in the vicinity of Roesch's hay-field, together with the others I have mentioned, led the father of the deceased to obtain a warrant for the arrest of Andreas Roesch, Sr., and Andreas Roesch, Jr., for the murder of Joseph Saurer. At one o'clock on the morning of September 8, a constable and posse arrested father and son, in bed at their own house. The prisoners were at once taken to a magistrate. The examination was postponed ten days; but the son admitted that himself and father had killed the horses, and that the latter had committed the murder of the boy. Whilst in jail, however, he confessed to a man named Fritz Meyer that his statement as to his father's guilt was false. A trial came on, when he again charged his father, under oath, with the murder, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, which was interpreted to the accused, who could not speak English. He was immediately removed to the county jail. In passing through the eager throng of spectators his eye fell upon his principal accuser, his half-witted son Andreas. As his eyes met those of his son, he motioned towards him with his hand and said in his own dialect, "You are guilty," and passed out to the gloom and despair of his solitary cell. The prisoner was sentenced to be hung on the 7th of February, 1888. After pronouncing the sentence, which was interpreted to the defendant, and received by him with very slight perceptible feeling, the Court remarked that it especially declined saying that the verdict was wrong, but would exercise its utmost influence with the Governor to procure a commutation of sentence into imprisonment for life. The result of the pending motion for a new trial may not be known for some time, as it is more than probable that in the event of a denial of motion the defense will carry the question to the Supreme Court.

A Tragic Love Episode.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 18, 1887.

There has been no little stir among the upperworld of Johnsonville, Tenn., with regard to the somewhat tragical termination of a recent attempt at elopement at that place. The principal dramatic persons were the daughter of a hotel keeper, and a young man of good looks and insinuating manners, but limited means. As the latter was a boarder at the hotel, he was afforded all the opportunities for pressing his suit that the fondest lover could possibly desire. The courtship progressed finely for a brief period, when vague bits of town gossip, about the girl's "inclinations," began to reach the father's ears. The indignant father took occasion to hand him a note, upbraiding him for violated hospitality, and closing with an intimation that, after settling that "little bill," he had better ramouse the ranch. This ultimatum had anything but a soothing effect on the young man's feelings. He sought consolation and courage in copious draughts of old Robertson, and secreted about his person the following weapons of offense: One navy six-shooter, one small brass-barrelled pistol, and one five-pound Bowie-knife. Swearing that he would have his Dulcinea if it cost oceans of blood, he proceeded after nightfall toward the hotel, and concealed himself beneath her window. While waiting with all the impatience of crossed love for an answer to his signal, he heard a noise which suggested the approach of an enemy from the rear. In attempting to draw one of his shooting-irons the weapon was accidentally discharged, inflicting two painful wounds, one in the fleshy part of his leg, and another near the region of his heart. The affair caused intense excitement among the citizens of Johnsonville, and public sentiment was somewhat divided as to the respective blame to be attached to the lover and the reluctant parent.

Two men are to be hung near Knoxville the 27th day of this month, the particulars of which I will send in my next.

Everything is quiet in our city at present.

VIOLE.



A Sweetheart Defending herself against the Assault of her Lover's Mother at Bloomington, Ind.

A STRANGE MURDER CASE IN MINNESOTA.

A PARENT CONVICTED ON THE TESTIMONY OF AN IDIOTIC SON—A QUEER CONFESSION.

A correspondent of a Chicago paper writes from St. Peter, Minn., recently, as follows: During the last month the writer happened to be stopping at St. Peter, Nicollet county, Minn. The November Term of the District Court of the Seventh Judicial District, Hon. Horace Austin, was then in session. Having nothing else to do, I visited the court-house daily, and attended from first to last during the trial of a capital case, which developed a state of facts and circumstances that, in the writer's opinion, are not only worthy of publication, but are also unusually novel and startling. The indictment charges Andreas Roesch, Sr., with murder in the first degree. During the month



Margaret Riley attempting to Murder Susan Wilson at 67 Sullivan Street, N. Y.



A Jealous Husband attempting to Extort a Confession from his Wife at Chicago, Ill.





Mr. Campbell Exhibiting his Ability to Defend himself against Thieves at Chicago, Ill.

## "THE MANLY ART."

THE KNOWLEDGE PROVES EFFICIENT AGAINST A BRACK OF ROBBERY.

A most desperate attempt at robbery was made in broad daylight, on Wednesday afternoon, week before last, the account of which will show by what a class of desperadoes the city of Chicago is at present infested. The attempt was made upon Mr. Campbell, a coal dealer on Archer avenue, and only failed of accomplishment by the muscle and prowess of that irate individual. It was an instance in which the "manly art," of which Chicago has for some time been the principal school in the country, was used to some purpose. Early in the afternoon, while transacting some business, in which quite a large sum of money was paid over to him, Mr. Campbell noticed a stranger present, who seemed to watch the proceedings very attentively, but as he soon got up and left, thought no more about it. At about half-past four o'clock, another stranger entered the office, and complaining of a severe indisposition, asked Mr. Campbell if he would allow him to warm himself by the stove. The permission was given, and the new-comer seated himself for a few minutes, when the former violent came in again. A preconcerted signal was given, and the brace of ruffians jumped up simultaneously and made a most savage attack upon Mr. Campbell. A desperate struggle ensued; at first, Mr. Campbell was completely taken by surprise at the suddenness of the attack, and the battle seemed to be going in favor of the

thrustened to have a fatal termination. While Mr. Munger was engaged in sketching, the buck managed to get his antlers entangled in the cords which sustained the case. Mr. Munger assisted in getting him clear of the cords, and as soon as he had accomplished this the buck, which had manifested a disposition to have a contest with something or somebody, turned suddenly and with great fury upon him, and succeeded in piercing the fleshy part of his leg above the knee, and throwing him upon the ground. As soon as the buck succeeded in this attack he sought to renew it, while Mr. Munger was on the ground, but the latter had the presence of mind to seize the infuriated animal by the horns, and thus, by his coolness and persistency in holding fast to the buck's horns, succeeded in preserving himself from a severe bruising, and perhaps saved himself from being killed. The struggle continued for several minutes, no one being present to render assistance. Mr. Munger finally succeeded in regaining his feet, and managed to keep his hold of the horns, notwithstanding the buck struggled violently, and made several determined efforts to butt him off his feet. As the contest progressed, Mr. Munger had the presence of mind to give ground till he reached the fence, when he suddenly let go his hold, and in a very hasty manner placed the fence between himself and his assailant. After getting outside the enclosure, Mr. Munger sought the proprietor of the grounds and related to him the circumstances above stated. Three men returned with him for the purpose of getting the case and his colors. When they arrived at the



A Double Murder and Suicide at Bath, England.

plained to her husband of pressure on the top of her head; but there was nothing in her demeanor to excite the apprehension of her husband, and she continued to attend to her children and domestic duties with her wonted care. About half-past six o'clock on Thursday evening she left her home in the company of her husband, Henry, and two years and five months old John, who was rather more than five years old. When she was met at the bottom of the hill, she was told by her mother-in-law, who spoke in a low voice, that she was going to do something. She then turned back and they then proceeded. Shortly after a man named John, who had been proceeding from the river, and standing in the water. He looked in the direction of the boat, but owing to the darkness he could not discern the person, and he was a repetition of the scene, he was not aware of it. The next morning some workmen engaged in constructing the Bath branch of the railway saw the garments of a female floating near the corner of the river. They brought to land the body of the unfortunate woman, who had the younger child tied to her waist. The other could not be found, but it was evident from the contorted position of the right arm of the mother that when she had herself into the river she had clamped the child in it, and that his body afterwards slipped from her grasp. The bodies recovered were removed to the Greenpeace, and the search is being prosecuted in the hope of finding the one missing.

## A NEGRO OUTRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A SHERIFF SHOT, AND A FLEE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS.

A short time since the residents of Washington County were startled by the announcement that their sheriff, Bateman, in the discharge of his duty, had been shot down by a negro offender.

The facts, as reported, are as follows: A negro man by the name of Bateman, who had committed considerable thieving operations in North Carolina, and to escape detection and punishment, had absconded for Washington County, his former home.

A day's requisition having been made upon Sheriff Bateman, he proceeded with a file of United States soldiers to arrest him, and not finding him at home, searched the woods and brush near his house, where he was found seated on a log.

The demand for surrender was scornfully laughed at, and when Sheriff Bateman advanced in the discharge of his duty, he was met by a load of bullets in the hands of the negro, even in the presence of a squad of United States troops—the effect of which, it is supposed, will result seriously if not fatally to Mr. Bateman.

Owing to the darkness the negro escaped, and though they understood the military turned out in force to capture him, no arrest has yet been made.

This incident would seem to indicate the animus that actuates a portion of the colored race toward all the whites, and the military turned out in force to capture him, no arrest has yet been made.

It is understood that this negro made the boat that he was shooting at the lieutenant of the United States troops, showing thereby a settled animosity to the entire white race, even when represented by an officer of the United States.

## Blind Denny and his "Lucky Pal"—Grippe.

"We'd go places, you know, a couple in a poor blind man? and

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A Fierce Struggle between a Buck and an Artist at St. Paul, Minn.

would-be thieves. But at last, the proprietor, who is a very muscular man, and by no means a novice in the pugilistic art, divined their intentions, and, by a desperate effort, released himself from their grasp and placed himself in an attitude of defense. As often as either of them would come within reach of his manly arms, he would knock them down, and the process was continued until the villains were severely pounded. Finding that together they were no match for Mr. Campbell, they made a hasty retreat, and took their bruised and battered countenances down the street as fast as their legs would carry them. They had received a wholesome admonition, and before attempting that kind of warfare again, will probably choose their man.

## A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A BUCK DEER.

THE LATTER REMAINS MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

We clip the following interesting extract from a late St. Paul (Minn.) paper:

For several days past Mr. Gilbert Munger has been in the habit of visiting a lot near Ham's brewery, on the Stillwater road, in which are kept two deer, for the purpose of taking sketches of the buck. Yesterday, while engaged in sketching, he had an encounter with the latter, which proved to be a desperate one, and at one time

enclosure, the buck looked so furious that two of the men declined to enter. The third one, who feeds the animals, went in, when the buck made a desperate attempt to butt him. A well-directed blow, however, from a club which he took the precaution to carry into the enclosure with him, brought the buck to his senses and persuaded him that it would be wise not to repeat the effort for another contest. The case, paints, &c., were brought out, and the animals were left to their meditations. Mr. Munger's clothing was considerably torn, while one prong of the antlers passed entirely through the fleshy portion of one leg just above the knee, and two or three other prongs pierced the flesh in different places. He is considerably bruised, and his injuries are painful, though not dangerous. It was a narrow escape from death, and an experiment not likely to be again tried very soon.

## DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT BATH.

One evening not long since a woman named Ellen Brass, aged thirty-four, drowned herself and two of her children in the Avon, near the end of Kingmead Terrace, Bath, England.

The woman was the wife of Henry Brass, a shoemaker, residing at 21 Monmouth street, to whom she had been married for some years, and had four children. Lettury she had been in delicate health, and occasionally com-



A Negro Shooting a Sheriff in the presence of U. S. Soldiers in Washington Co., N. C.



Street Scenes in New York—Blind Denny and his Lucky Pal.











## IMMENSE TREASURE TROVE.

A WONDROUS TALE OF GOLD—THE DISCOVERY OF THE ANCIENT  
TREASURE OF MONTANA PROVED TO BE TRUE.

A most wonderful story, says the *Leavenworth Courier*, reaches us from Montana; indeed, a tale which we should hardly credit, were it not related to us by one whom we consider worthy of credence. The gentleman who related the circumstances to us, came down by the steamer yesterday, and had himself conversed with Mr. Edward Parsons, one of the lucky adventurers, who gave him the following particulars: In July last, a company of five prospectors was made up in Helena, who, having heard of the unexplored country around the head of the Yellowstone, determined to visit that district in search of gold. The country was found to be almost entirely free from Indians, and there was abundance of game until they arrived within two days' journey of Yellowstone Lake, when the scene entirely changed, the country being entirely barren, and permeated in every direction with hot springs, and fissures in the rock from which issued smoke and noxious gases. Continuing their journey through a scorching atmosphere, and encountering some perils among the rough and irregular ridges of bare rocks which everywhere distinguished the landscape, the travelers, on the third day, came to the margin of a small lake, from which issued a river, which they judged would lead to the Yellowstone. After following the stream for some time, they came to a long, irregular mound, crowned on the summit by an ancient stone "cairn," similar to those seen in some parts of New Mexico, which was half concealed in grass and a growth of low bushes. As the work of removing the stones did not appear to be a difficult one, they being unaccompanied and of medium size, it was proposed to open the "cairn," which was done, after half a day's labor, and below was found a solid cemented floor, which sounded hollow to the tread. Boring, however, determined to complete their work, the travelers, after some labor, dug down some twelve inches, when they came to an immense stone, seven feet long, which it took the united strength of the party to remove. Beneath, there was a long, low chamber, and when the eyes of the intruders became accustomed to the darkness, it was seen that an Indian catacomb had been unearthed. Seated in a single row round the quadrangle, were the remains of upward of thirty warriors, from whose forms the flesh had long since moldered away, and whose very bones crumbled into dust at the touch of the spectator. On the floor around lay numerous instruments of war or chase, some of iron, some of stone, and the entire apartment was covered with a fine and almost impalpable dust, which was all that remained of the furs and robes with which this abode of death, had doubtless, at one time, been carpeted. Lying beside the bones were numerous ornaments, indicating the rank of the dead, and among them were many of those twisted circles of gold known to antiquarians as "torques," which had at one time entwined the necks and arms of their owners. Some of these were of unusual size, weighing one and a half to two pounds, and many other ornaments of the same precious metal were also secured by the happy finders. What chiefly attracted attention was, however, a massive basin or kettle that occupied the centre of the apartment, and was doubtless used as a sacrificial censer for burning incense, it being two feet high, and two feet and a half in circumference. This massive article, wonderful to tell, proved, on inspection, to be pure gold, and was so heavy that the party had great difficulty in removing it from its resting place and bringing it into the upper air. Endeavors were then made to break the vessel, but the pure quality of the gold caused it only to bend beneath the weight of the blows inflicted upon it. After great exertion, the adventurers were enabled, by means of their axes, to sever the mass into portable pieces, laden with which the party turned their steps homeward, having themselves to walk the greater part of the way to give relief to their burdened horses. The whole amount of gold was brought to Helena, and Mr. Edward Parsons calculated that his share of the treasure amounted to about \$21,000, the whole amount being at least \$100,000 in value.

## A LAWLESS COMMUNITY.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFAIR—SHOOTING STATE OF THINGS.  
A correspondent of a Chicago paper, writing from Jules-

The Walking Mania - Robert Harriott Walking for one hundred and ten consecutive hours at Flushing, L.

burg, Nov. 30th ult. says:

The day after Thanksgiving one would think might have been one of quiet in every town where riot on that day had its course—but not so in Julesburg. In a former letter I had prophesied that this notorious place, characterized by a celebrated Chicago clergyman as "the jumping-off place of perdition," etc., was soon to be discontinued. Alas for human foresight! The place is neither abandoned nor civilized yet. For, while driving through the place yesterday afternoon, I heard the quick, sharp report of a revolver, and seeing men, women and children flying about, concluded to drive my buggy behind a range of shanties out of range, and wait results. In less than a few minutes twenty rounds had been fired in a saloon. I went in with the crowd, and saw a good-looking, young man, of about twenty-three, lying behind a stove, and his head resting in a pool of blood, "dead as a door nail." His name was Tom Collins—once a clerk at the fort, and a promising young man. For six months past he had given himself up to vagabondage of living, drunkenness and bad women. He stole \$150 from a poor black boy the night previous to the row, and seeing a former policeman enter the saloon, supposed he was to be arrested for the crime. He fired three shots at the policeman, wounding him in the limbs, when the policeman knocked him down, and securing the aid of a revolver, shot the man in the head and killed him. Singular that so few balls did damage when so many were about. I should judge, by the looks of the men present in that saloon, that there is still material for a dozen similar tragedies! Some may ask, "Where is the city government?" If you look into the Encyclopedia, and turn to the index for "Snakes in Norway," you will have your doubts resolved by the answer on the proper page, thus: "There are no snakes in Norway." There is no government in Julesburg now, save the "law saloons." The impression is general that it is the West—i.e., the place itself—which makes people so bad here. A little observation will show that there is nothing here to inspire such things as lawlessness. It is simply the fact that returned California miners will find congenial spirits, men and women, who follow gambling and drinking as a business without let or hindrance. Here come the vile counterparts of the Eastern cities, and very often these vile wretches get their "gruel." That the Governor of this Territory might inaugurate a different state of affairs is the opinion of your correspondent. That the evils of bold and open vice can be restrained, there is no doubt. A reformation which goes to the root of the matter is another thing, and is a question of morals and religion. So long as this place is needed as a depot, there will be money spent here with which to gamble and drink; and "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

ADVANCE.  
Mayor Thomas, of St. Louis, inspects the city officials personally. He went out on a midnight tour of inspection the other night, travelled eleven miles and a half, and saw only four policemen. Another night he rambled four miles and four-fifths of a mile, before he saw a policeman.

## Discovery of an Indian Catacomb, and the Remains of the Chief by Five Prospectors at Yellowstone, Montana.

At Lawrenceburg, Ind., lately, a young lady named Caroline Smith married to gratify the wishes of her parents. The next day she eloped with another man and married to gratify herself. It is a little irregular, even for Indians.

John Krantz, murderer of T. T. Smith, of Olney, Ill., about a year since, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is now in prison at Joliet. He had an opportunity to escape jail some time ago, but he did not leave his cell.



Madame Schike, of the Black Creek Troupe.



Deadly Encounter between Collins and a Policeman at Julesburg, Ill.